Cambria Freeman

A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

Terms, $2 per year in advance.

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We have made arrangements by which we can do or have done all kinds of plain and fancy Job Printing, such as Books, Pamphlets, Show Cards, Bill and Letter Heads, Handbills, Circulars, &c., in the best style of the art and at the most moderate prices. Also, all kinds of Ruling, Blank Books, Book Binding, &c., executed to order and as good as the best and as cheap as the cheapest.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!

DO YOU HEAR THAT, FIREMEN?

AND ARE YOU PREPARED TO

OBEY THE SUMMONS!

If you are not, unless you have been to

Wolff's Clothing Store,

and have bought one of those superb

FIREMAN'S COATS,

to keep you warm and dry. WOLFF makes them at from $18 to $20, and any other garment you want you can have made to order at short notice.

☞NO FIT, NO CHARGE!☜

A. WOLFF has just returned from the East, and his READY MADE

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

now contains the largest assortment, the most varied assortment, and altogether the most pleasing assortment of

SUMMER GARMENTS

FOR MEN AND BOYS,

EVER DISPLAYED IN ALTOONA.

☞OVERCOATS, from the lowest-priced Casimere to the finest Beaver—all sizes.

☞Full Suits of Clothing at from $9 to $30. Pants from $1,50 to $9. Vests from 75 cents to $5. Also, a general variety of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,

UMBRELLAS, SATCHELS, TRUNKS, &c.

☞In the LADIES' DEPARTMENT will be found a full stock of FURS, from the low-priced Coney to the finest Mink and Sable.

GODFREY WOLFF,

Next door to the Post Office, Altoona, Pa.

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE.

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS,

1323 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the further advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

GAY & WELSH,

Successors to Gay & Painter,

WHOLESALE

Grocers and Commission Merchants

AND DEALERS IN

FLOUR, PRODUCE, FISH, SALT, CARBON OILS, &c., &c.,

162 LIBERTY STREET, - PITTSBURGH.

THE KIDNEYS!

The Kidneys are two in number, situated at the upper part of the loin, surrounded by fat, and consisting of three parts, viz: the Anterior, the Interior, and the Exterior.

The anterior absorbs. Interior consists of tissues, or veins, which serve as a deposit for the urine ann convey it to the exterior. The exterior is a conductor also, terminating in a single tube, and called a Ureter. The ureters are connected with the bladder.

The bladder is composed of various coverings or tissues, divided into parts, viz.: the Upper, the Lower, the Nervous, and the Mucous. The upper expels, the lower retains. Many have a desire to urinate without the ability; others urinate without the ability to retain. This frequently occurs in children.

To cure these affections, we must bring into action the muscles, which are engaged in their various functions. If they are neglected, Gravel and Dropsy may ensue.

The reader must also be made aware, that however slight may be the attack, it is sure to affect the bodily health and mental powers, as our flesh and blood are supported from these sources.

GOUT, OR RHEUMATISM.—Pain occuring in the loins is indicative of the above diseases. They occur in persons disposed to acid stomach and chalky secretions.

THE GRAVEL.—The gravel ensues from neglect or improper treatment of the kidneys.—These organs being weak, the water is not expelled from the bladder, but allowed to remain; it becomes feverish, and sediment forms. It is from this deposit that the stone is formed, and gravel ensues.

DROPSY is a collection of water in some parts of the body, and bears different names, according to the parts affected, viz: when generally diffused over the body, it is called Anasarca; when of the abdomen, Ascites; when of the chest, Hydrothorax.

TREATMENT.—Helmbold's highly concentrated compound Extract Buchu is decidedly one of the best remedies for diseases of the bladder, kidneys, gravel, dropsical swellings, rheumatism, and gouty affections. Under this head we have arranged Dysuria, or difficulty and pain in passing water, Scanty Secretion, or small and frequent discharges of water; Strangury, or stopping of water; Hematuria, or bloody urine; Gout and Rheumatism of the kidneys, without any change in quantity, but increase in color, or dark water. It was always highly recommended by the late Dr. Physick, in these affections.

This medicine increases the power of digestion and excites the absortents into healthy action by which the watery or calcerous depositions, and all unnatural enlargements, as well as pain and inflammation, are reduced, and it is taken by men, women, and children. Directions for use and diet accompany.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 25, 1867.

H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist:

DEAR SIR—I have been a sufferer, for upward of twenty years, with gravel, bladder, and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medicinal preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent Physicians, experiencing but little relief.

Having seen your preparations extensively advertised, I consulted with my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.

I did this because I had used all kind of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies thereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubebs and juniper berries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination, and, with his advice, after an examination of the article, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced its use about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room. From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks, was able to walk out. I felt much like writing you a statement of my case at that time, but thought my improvement might only be temporary, and therefore concluded to defer and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing then it would be of greater value to you and more satisfactory to me.

I am now able to report that a cure is effected after using the remedy for five months.

I have not used any now for three months, and feel as well in all respects as I ever did.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it whenever occasion may require its use in such affections. M. McCORMICK.

Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement he refers to the following gentlemen:

Hon. WILLIAM BIGLER, ex-Governor, Pennsylvania.
Hon. THOS. FLORENCE, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. C. KNOX, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. BLACK, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. PORTER, ex-Governor, Pennsylvania.
Hon. ELLIS LEWIS, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. A. PORTER, City Solicitor, Philadelphia.
Hon. JOHN BIGLER, ex-Governor, California.
Hon. E. BANKS, Auditor General, Washington, D. C.
And many others, if necessary.

☞ Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmbold's. Take no other. PRICE—$1.25 per bottle, or six bottles for $6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

ADDRESS,

H. T. HELMBOLD,

DRUG AND CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE!

594 Broadway, New York.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN A STEEL-ENGRAVED WRAPPER, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed H. T. HEMLOCK.

The Poet's Department.

MIDSUMMER.

Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow sides are sweet with hay;
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet—
Where grow the pine trees tall and bland,
The ancient oak austere and grand,
The fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the grass a white sleeved row;
With even strokes their scythes they swing,
In time their merry whetstones ring;
Behind the nimble youngsters run
And toss the thick swaths in the sun;
The cattle graze, while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, when summer breezes break,
And green wheat crinkles like a lake.

Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells;
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum;
The squirrel leaps among the boughs
And chatters in the leafy house;
The oriole flashes by, and look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain blue-bird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The dawn of peace descends on me;
Oh, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read;
A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;
The holy silence is His voice;
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

THE BOY WHO WON HIMSELF.

I was going up the Mississippi in 1848, Judge Underwood of Kentucky and Henry Clay being on board.

"That's a tough crew, from Natchez," remarked the clerk, who came upon the deck as we were about going below.—"They play hard and high."

"Let's go and look on for a while," said the judge.

We went into the saloon, where we found two parties at play. At one of the tables sat four men, about whom were gathered a large number of lookers on, and as these proved to be the heavy players, we joined the group of spectators.—The game was twenty-deck poker, and money was changing hands with startling rapidity. One of the players, a middle-aged man, whose face showed but too plainly the ravages of an excess that was snapping his life, and who, I afterwards learned, was a cotton-planter, had staked his last dollar, and "called his opponent's hand." He held four queens, against which were laid down four kings. And he was "broken." He started to his feet as though he would leave the table.

"Are ye dead broke, Colonel?" asked he of the four kings.

"Yes—to the last picayune."

"Give me yer note, and I'll lend ye."

"No," replied the planter with an oath, "I can do better than that. Where's Wackman?"

"Here," answered a dark visaged man.

"Bring the boy and girl here that I bought at Natchez. Hold on the game just one minute, gentlemen, and I'll make a raise."

The man went away, and shortly returned accompanied by the "girl and boy." Said girl proved to be a bright Mulatto woman, of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts; and the "boy" was her son.

The boy was not far from ten years of age, with a face lighter in color than was his mother's; his features really handsome.

"Look here, gentlemen," spoke the planter, rising, "here's as likely a pair, for a girl and her brat, as you can scare up. I paid eight hundred dollars for 'em. Who'll give six?"

"Why not put 'em up separate?" asked one.

"'Twon't do to put them up separate. The gal has sworn that she will kill herself if the boy is sold away from her; and her old master says she'll be sure to keep her word. But don't you see the woman is worth more'n I ask for the pair. Now what do ye say? Who'll take 'em at six hundred?'

The owner then waited a few seconds without receiving an answer, and then said:

"I must have the money, so here goes for a raffle. Twenty dollars a throw, and thirty chances for the pair. Come, gentlemen, let's see the color of your coin.—Them that buys first will throw first."

Here was excitement as well as a chance for profit. The three players at the table took two chances each. Then the spectators surged up, and twenty chances were sold as fast as the planter could take the money and write down the names. Then came a lull. The planter himself took two chances, whereupon his three companions took each one more. Then three men in the crowd "doubled up."

"Two more chances, gentlemen."

Clay whispered apart to the judge, and then made his way to the table, and threw down two golden eagles.

"What name?"

"Give it to the woman."

"Eh!—the gal herself?"

"Yes. Give her a chance."

"All right. One chance for Ninette!"

Before the planter could call again, Judge Underwood had placed twenty dollars upon the table, saying, as he did so:

"This is for the boy."

"Good!" cried the owner of the property, "Here's a chance for Tommy. And that takes the lot. Where's the clerk?"

"Here."

"Have you got blanks for this sort of business?

"Yes."

"Then won't ye fill up a bill of sale of these two—Ninette and Tommy—and leave a place to put in the name of the winner? Now for the dice, gentlemen."

The dice were brought on, and the shaking commenced. There were three dice, and each player was entitled to three throws. Of the first ten throws thirty-six was the highest number cast. The eleventh throw turned up forty-two. Then the scores fell again till the twenty first throw, when one of the gamesters threw out forty-nine.

The crowd was now all excitement.—Forty-nine was a hard point to beat. The lowest number that could be thrown was nine; and the highest (nine sixes) was fifty-four; making what is called an average throw, about thirty-one and one-half. Of a hundred throws, the majority will fall below thirty-two.

Again the dice rattled in the box as the second gamester took his turn; but the throw was a low one. The twenty-eighth throw belonged to the clerk of the boat, who had now returned with the bill of sale. He threw forty-nine, tying the gamester.

"Come, Ninette! It's your turn"

The woman started and quivered, and pressed her hand over her heart. Only the groaning and the puffing of the engine broke the stillness of the place."

"Will the gentleman who paid for the chance throw for me?" she said, in a low, musical tone, earnest and imploring, and of purest accent.

"Let your boy throw for you," returned Mr. Clay, who shrank from the ordeal "His luck should be better than mine." Tommy came forward and took the box. His mother's hands were clasped, and her lips moved in prayer. The boy trembled like an aspen. What a world of weal or woe hung upon the fickle chance! He held in his hand the sealed book in which was written the fate of his mother and himself, and it was to be opened upon the hazard of a die!

He shook the box and turned the box upon the table. Three aces! A moment he gazed upon the three single spots, and then, dropping the box, he sank back, pale and frightened.

"Shake again, Tommy," said the planter.

"It's no use, master. I can't get forty-nine."

"But you've got your own chance, my boy."

"Aye," cried the judge. "That was your mother's chance. Now throw for yourself—throw for the chance I gave you; brace up, and take heart, and may Heaven help you!"

That was not an assembly of religiously inclined persons by any means; but the fervent petition of the judge met with a warm and impulsive response of "Amen" from nearly all present.

Again the boy came forward and lifted the box. His lips were tightly shut, and the cold quivering of the limbs was hushed. The only sound in that saloon above the deep breathing of the spectators, was the clicking of the ivory cubes. Presently the first throw was made.

"Five—five—six, are sixteen," announced the planter, setting down the figures.

The dice were gathered up, and thrown again.

"Six—six—and a five. Good! That's seventeen."

The boy was pale as death as he took the box for the last throw, and his mother leaned against a stanchion for support.—At length, he threw! and the book was opened.

"Three sixes!—Eighteen!—and that's fifty-one! Tommy, my boy, you're a trump! Now, Mr. Clerk, fill up the bill of sale, and I'll sign it before these witnesses."

The scene that followed can be better imagined than described. The last time I heard from Judge Underwood, he was alive and well, though long retired from active life. Ninette was his housekeeper, and Tommy is his trusted and trustful henchman.

CAN ANY ONE TELL?—Can anyone tell how men that cannot absolutely pay small bills, can always find money to buy liquor and treat when happening among friends?

Can any one tell how many young men who dodge their washer woman, and who are always behind with their landlords, can play billiards night and day, and are always ready for a game of poker or seven-up?

Can any one tell how it is with some men who owe their butchers, owe for rent, owe for tailoring, for shoes, etc., can have anything that's nice, eat oysters at night, wear fine clothes, and have all the delicacies of the season?

Can any one tell how men live and support their families who have no income and don't work; while others who are industrious, and are always employed, almost starve?

AN exchange says: "Summer has arrived and will play a star engagement of three months. It opened with the warm play, entitled 'A Red Hot Sun,' to be followed by the farce of 'Take a Sweat.'"

TRUE HEROISM.

BY E. L. S.

Once or twice in my life I have met with heroines. I will tell you of one now. I can paint no beautiful vision, nor dower her with charms of intellect. When I first knew her she was past thirty, small, brown, void of grace or beauty.—She had married at sixteen; she had no education—could read and that was all.

She had child after child, until seven cumbered her dwelling but gladdened her heart. She had borne and suffered much, but her great heart was brave still. Her husband gamed, drank and used her cruelly. Frequently he drove her out on the lonely hills, and, with her children cowering about her, she spent the night under the still, cold, unpitying stars, calling for aid on the heaven that was far from her misery, and praying to her mother's God. I wondered then how she trusted Him with such blindness, for I, poor waif, knew no mother's teachings of piety—mine lay under the lilies.

At length her husband committed a crime for which he was arraigned before a court of justice, and his two oldest children were the principal witnesses of his guilt. She knew that their testimony would be against him, but her parting admonition was, "Tell the truth; nothing but the truth. 'God sees,' and I shall trust him; it is hard, but it must be truth, the whole truth."

He was convicted, but escaped from prison—some did say by her connivance. Of that I know not. I only know that the upas had been taken from their midst.

Now began her struggle. Alone and unaided, she looked want and desolation in the face, as a hero fronts an armed foe in battle, and bared arm and heart for the strife. She was proud, and asked no favor but employment. The children showed their mother's training, and the boys worked in any capacity. The eldest girl sewed with her mother. The light dawned and at last shone steadily, and her children went regularly to school.—Now, for the first time she learned to write her own name from her fourth child, a boy she herself had taught to read.

They were the proudest family I ever knew. They felt their own worthiness and looked for no slights from superiors in station. They had been taught to associate with the good and respectable, or remain isolated. Their sphere widened, society extended its hand, and at last a place was granted them. Near this time the fugitive husband returned, and the two long parted met again. She led him as a stranger to her bedroom, and retiring to her lonely chamber spent the night in prayer. Like Jacob of old, she struggled; and like him she also triumphed.

Her sons and daughters, when grown to man and womanhood, held places of trust and honor, and when her last hour came, the soul passed to its rest, while a triumphant song was issuing from her lips.

I met a heroine this morning, a very homely old creature, but nevertheless one of life's bravest soldiers.

"Stop the car, madam, please stop it!" It was a woman's cry, as she ran after the street car of which I chanced to be the only occupant, and the cry was so pleading I wrung the bell at once, though she was still far off. The driver stopped his mule, looked back, and seeing a woman freighted with a huge basket, prepared to drive on. "Let her wait for the next one," he said carelessly. "Please wait," I pleaded; "a minute may be a great deal to her." With a smile he nodded assent, and in a few seconds, panting with the speed she had made, and her heavy load, she was at the door. She sat down and wiped her weather stained face with her coarse apron, thanking me in broken English for my kindness. What a trifling kindness it was, and yet how grateful she seemed for it, as she broke into an explanation of why she was so hurried.

She lived far out in the suburbs, owned three cows, milked and sold the milk; she worked a market garden, assisted by a son of fifteen. She had four other children, the youngest five years old, "and she was only a year old when I lost my man," she added, seeing I was an interested listener. "I have bought half a square of ground, something is still due on it, and I went to pay a note this morning." "How early do you rise every morning?" I asked. "At four, madam; its weary work, what with digging and watering the garden, carrying the vegetables, milking the cows, and the odd jobs of a house, my feet are often so sore that I can't sleep when I lie down; but the clothes to buy and the little mouths to feed is a good spur to drive me," she concluded with a laugh.

"Are none of them able to help?" I asked. "Oh, yes, my girl helps, but she goes to school, you see." "And who makes the clothes?" I asked. "I sew at night sometimes, and when I sit down to rest, but summer is here now, and we won't want so many clothes."

I have given the synopsis of the story she gave me in detail. There was heroism, and here in this worn, withered, homely woman, was a spirit beautiful in its strength, sublime in its patience. Not one word of complaint; no whining over destiny; no feeling of disappointment because her lot was less fair; yet her language told that a fairer would have been prized, as it would have been sweet.

Oh fair and gentle women of quiet, happy, love-girdled homes, unused to toil, wearing luxurious garments and jewels of great value, do you ever think how far a sweet smile or a kindly act will go toward cheering the life of lowlier sisters? You sit beside them, regarding them as little as the weeds on the wayside, and perhaps sneer thoughtlessly, if their homely garments chance to touch your own; never knowing that the common clay beside you holds a soul as pure, and leads a life far more heroic in its struggle than yours can ever be.

"Kind words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

A Three-Acre Farm.

Ten years ago, an Irishman—who, for short, we will call St. Nick—bought three acres of land, for which he paid, with a one-story new house thereon, four hundred and fifty dollars—counting the tenement three hundred and seventy-five, and the land the balance.

Hiring a pasture, he purchased a cow; and with serene faith began to work in his new-bought soil. It was worn out—a poor pasture—it would not summer a two-year-old steer, and the rent would have been considered exhorbitant if over four dollars a year.

He has since added two acres of rocky bush pasture, but with better soil than his purchase, and in addition to the crops raised on both, he annually hires $15 worth of pasturing, and buys $25 worth of hay.

Last year, with his first purchase and one acre of his last under cultivation, he raised (actual measure), of potatoes, one hundred and ten bushels; of corn, eighty-five bushels of ears; of beans, three bushels and three pecks; of cabbages, seven hundred heads; besides twenty-one bushels of oats, and a little over one ton and a half of clover hay.

He fattened two hogs, one of which sold for 14½ cents a pound, and weighed three hundred and four pounds; the other, salted for himself, weighed three hundred and one pounds. His dairy, now increased to two cows, brought him a little over $90 in cash for the butter sold, and $21.43 for the two calves.

His dozen hens (average) bought nearly all the store supplies for a family of three, besides paying for their food. And in addition to all this, he raised a calf, which a neighbor gave him, that enters upon its second summer, worth at least $18.

All this from the labor of a man quite advanced in years, and physically incapable of doing much more than half a man's work.

He bought the house and land mostly on credit; has his debts now nearly paid; has doubled the value of both his purchases; and when his labor is over, will leave his wife and daughter quite a little estate worked out of his sterile, root-bound and rock-bound soil in ten years.

He commences this year with a light heart, at least fifty loads of manure, two cows and the calf, two wintered pigs, twenty hens, and the promise of raising more on his five acres than half the poor farmers in the country will raise on fifty.—*Hearth and Home.*

THE USE OF WHITTLING.—In reading recently a detailed statement of the capture of Fort Pulaski by our troops on the 11th of April, 1862, we learned that whittling was turned to good account. Late at night (the engagement was to begin early next morning) Lieut. Porter visited all our batteries to see that every thing was ready for the opening of the great drama.—Many little items were found to be needed, and were promptly provided. At the ten-inch mortar battery, fuse plugs were still wanting, and there were none to be had. The ordinance officer had brought up a supply, but they were prepared for another piece, and were of no use. Here, then, were four pieces in the most advanced position, which would be useless—and fire was to be opened at daylight.

The officer was in despair until a happy thought struck him. There was a Yankee regiment on the island—all Yankees are whittlers—and if that regiment could be turned out at once, and set to work at their favorite pastime, they could whittle out a supply before daylight. Porter immediately put spurs to his horse and rode furiously to camp. The Sixth Connecticut was ordered out to whittle, and did whittle to advantage, providing all the plugs that were used in Battery Totten on the two suceeding days—until Pulaski pulled down the rebel flag, and passed again under the stars and stripes.

A SOLEMN WARNING.—You may worm a fence around a winter's supply of summer weather, skim the cloud from the sky with a teaspoon, catch a thunderbolt in a bladder, break a hurricane to harness, lasso an avalanche, pin a diaper on the crater of an active volcano, hive all the stars in a nail-keg, hang the ocean on a rail to dry, put the sky to soak in a gourd, unbuckle the belly-band of eternity, and paste 'To Let' on the sun and moon; but never—for a moment—delude yourself with the idea that you can escape that place on the other side of purgatory and get to heaven unless you pay the printer promptly.—*Chariton Patriot.*

WHAT key will unlock most men's minds? Whiskey.

Absence of Mind.

DOCTOR JOSIAH CAMPBELL, who lived for many years on the Western reserve, in Ohio, was a skillful physician, but withal one of the most eccentric and absent-minded persons in the world, except Margaret, his wife, and she was fully his equal. One summer morning the Doctor was caught out in a tremendous shower, which drenched him to the skin. It soon cleared off, however, and Doctor Josi rode into his own yard, where he took the dripping saddle from his horse and let him go adrift into the pasture. The saddle he placed on a stout log of wood which was elevated some four feet from the ground on two posts, where the doctor had begun to build a platform to dry his peaches on.

After having got his saddle fixed so it would dry, he took the bridle, and, putting the bits over the end of the log, he stretched out the reins, and hitching them to the horn of the saddle, went in to change his wet clothes and get breakfast. Josiah, Jr., and Margaret, Jr., were away from home on a visit, and so the two seniors sat down to the morning meal.—When they were about half through, Jim Atwood, a farmer who lived about eight miles distant, came in, telling the doctor he wished he would go over to his house, as he reckoned he might be wanted over there, and then went off to the village in a hurry, after some necessary "fixins."

When the doctor finished his meal, he took his saddle-bags and out he went into the yard, where he deliberately mounted his saddle and set out in imagination for Jim Atwood's.

For a long time he rode on in silence, with his eyes intently fixed on Buchan's Practice, which lay open before him. At length he began to feel the fierce rays of a mid-day sun, and on looking up from his book he discovered a house close by him, upon which he sung out lustily for a drink of water.

Aunt Margaret, who had been for the last two hours very busy in the garden, soon made her appearance with a pitcher of milk, and after the thirsty stranger had taken a long draught, they entered into an animated conversation, the doctor launching out into rapturous praises about the scenery of the place, the neatness of the buildings, the fine orchard of peach and apple trees; and the lady, who had caught a glimpse of the saddle-bags, made a great many inquiries about the health of the neighborhood, etc.

The Doctor finally took his leave of the lady, assuring her that he would call on his return and have some further conversation with her, as she reminded him so much of his wife, who, he was sure, would be very happy to make her acquaintance.

The lady turned to enter the house, and the doctor had just gathered up the reins, when Jim Atwood dashed up to the gate with his horse all in a lather of foam.

"What on earth are you doing, Doctro?" yelled Jim; "get off that leg and come along!"

The doctor was greatly astonished at first, but after a few minutes it got through his hair that he had been all the morning riding a beech-log in his own dooryard.

Warm Weather in the Past.

As some of our people think this summer has been a very warm one, (we among the number,) we publish the following from the records kept at Nuremberg, in Bavaria, to show how far the past has been ahead of the present in the matter of extreme heat:

In 1131 the earth cracked by reason of the heat, and wells and streams in Alsace all dried up, and the bed of the river Rhine was dry. In 1152 the heat was so great that sand exposed to the sun's rays was hot enough to cook eggs. In 1176 and 1177 crops of oats and hay failed completely. In 1303 and 1304 a man could have crossed dry shod, over the rivers Seine, Loir, Rhine and Danube. In 1391-94 a multitude of animals perished by heat, which was so great that the harvest dried up. In 1440 the heat was extraordinary. In 1538 '39, '40 and 1541 all the rivers were nearly dried up. In 1556 there was a great drought, which extended over nearly the whole of Europe. In 1615 16 there was in Italy, France and the Netherlands, an overpowering heat. In 1648 there were fifty-eight consecutive days of heat. 1678 was very hot, as were the first three years of the 18th century. In 1718 it did not rain a single title from April until October!—The growing grain was burned, the rivers dried up. The thermometer showed 30 degrees Fahrenheit. In irrigated gardens the fruit trees bloomed twice. In 1723 and '24 there was great heat. The summer of 1746 was hot and dry; the growing grain was calcined. It did not rain for months. 1748, 1751, 1760, 1767, 1778 and 1788 were years in which the summers were extremely hot. In the famous comet year—1811—the summer was warm, and the wine produced that year was very precious. In 1818 the theatres had to be closed on account of the heat, the highest temperature being 35 Reaumer, or 115 Fahrenheit. During the three days of the revolution of July, 1830, the thermometer stood at 36 degrees Centigrade, about 97 Fahrenheit. In 1832, during the uprising of the 5th and 6th of July, the temperature was about the same.